

## Opportunity Costs

by mew-tsubaki

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Summary: Oneshot, slash if you squint. Sugawara Koushi, and a surprisingly economical mindset. I.e., Suga-san had to win with this team. \*a take on how the spring high might end; slight language; Daichi's POV\*

## Opportunity Costs

**\*\*Opportunity Costs\*\***

A Haikyuu! oneshot

by mew-tsubaki

Note: The \_Haikyuu!\_ characters belong to Furudate Haruichi-sensei, not to me. Urgh. Sports series give me waaay too many feels, with all that can happen just while on the court! Dx Read, review, and enjoy!

- ^-^3

Daichi understood it now. That thing where people said certain events played out in slow motion for them before the best or worst thing in their lives happened. He got it, because it happened for him during the final of the spring high.

Them versus Shiratorizawa. Him, Asahi, Noya, Tanaka, Hinata and Suga. Those six on the court for the last rotation of the final set. The floor shining with sweat and the sky above the net blinding with light.

Then it happened.

The ball came over to their side. Tanaka got it to Suga, Hinata and Asahi ran for either end of the net, and Suga ran for the ball.

Even before Suga was perfectly in position, Daichi could see from behind that something was wrong. Suga knew it, too, because his body tensed and his eyes widened and he could barely jump. But it happened anyway.

Somehow, Suga managed to get the ball in the air, and the blockers marked Hinata when they should've been more concerned about Asahi.

But as Asahi spiked the winning shot, Suga couldn't stop moving. That jump that hadn't been much of a jump turned into a slide and the cheer that was barely out of the others' mouths was a choke lodged in Daichi's throat as he made a beeline for Suga.

It was too late, though. Suga crashed into the pole on the net's left side. He brought his legs up to his chest, trying to avoid the collision, but the shin of his left leg connected while the knee of his right rammed against the pole.

Gasps went up in the crowd and on the court and from the sidelines, but Daichi heard none of it. He didn't runâ€"they had to clear the court before it could be mopped and dried for safety's sakeâ€"but he hastened to Suga and was the first one to him, Asahi and Coach Ukai right after.

Daichi knelt by his friend. He bit back a curse. "Suga! Are youâ€|?!"

Suga winced in pain, though. He managed to extend his left leg, but he held his right knee to him. He shook his head. He didn't speak; he was biting his lips hard enough Daichi worried he might bleed.

"I'm sorry, Iâ€" Asahi began.

"It's not your fault, Azumane," Ukai said. He knelt beside Daichi. "Sugawara, tell me what happened."

"He slid into the pole," Daichi explained, irritated.

"Knee!" Suga gasped.

Ukai groaned and gritted his teeth, flagging the referee to get the medical staff. "All right, don't move. You didn't hit anything else, though, right? Like your head?"

Suga shook his head. "Just my legs!"

The officials ordered the other players off the court as a stretcher arrived, and the court was cleaned. Daichi, despite Ukai's protests, lifted Suga onto the stretcher and helped the medics carry Suga to the medical bay.

"You can't stay here," Ukai told him, having come along. Takeda-sensei was with them, too, having left the other crows to Shimizu's and Yachi's supervision.

"You need to be there for the team as the awards ceremony wraps up, Sawamura-kun," sensei said.

Daichi clenched his fists at his sides. "Not until I know Suga's

okay."

"Sawamura-kun." Sensei's tone was surprisingly adamant. "You are their captain. Sugawara-kun is not your only teammate."

The captain bit back another retort, but the three men waited for one of the medics to talk to them.

Eventually one did, and he informed them that Suga had bruised his left shin. "However, his knee is another matter. We're icing it now before we can learn more." The medic faced the coach and teacher. "We'd recommend taking him to the hospital as soon as possible."

"No hospitals," Suga moaned from his cot. The medic turned, and the others looked at the setter. Suga struggled to sit up and get his legs over the edge of the cot. "I'll be fine. Let me line up with my team."

"Sugawara, that's a bad—"

"No, coach! It's my decision, dammit." Suga's jaw was set; Daichi had never seen him look so angry or determined. "We—we won. We won this. I won with this team. I'll be damned if you don't let me accept the trophy with this team."

Ukai and Takeda-sensei exchanged a look, but Daichi was already walking over and helping Suga up, albeit gently. "Sawamura-kun—" sensei protested.

"You heard him. He'll crawl there even without our help, sensei," Daichi offered as an excuse. He slung Suga's right arm around his shoulders and grabbed Suga's left side so that the setter would put no weight on his right leg. "C'mon, Suga. Baby steps."

Suga gave him a strained smile. He didn't have the breath to thank Daichi, but Daichi understood him.

Given the circumstances, the officials hurried the ceremony along. The underclassmen posed for the picture in the best way possible, too—with Noya and Hinata and Yachi kneeling in front so as to block the view of Suga's reddened shin and purpling knee.

It was a spectacular win—but at such a high cost.

- ^-^3

"Go to the bloody hospital already."

Suga sighed and shook his head. "I don't need to, Daichi. I know what they'll tell me. I can feel it."

The captain grunted, starting to wish he'd been on Ukai's and Takeda-sensei's side earlier. The bus ride home had been excruciating simply because Suga had been putting up a front and assuring everyone else that he was all right. Of course, "all right" to Suga meant wincing when he thought Daichi wasn't looking and having about half a bag of ice bandaged around his knee.

"It won't change anything, you know. We won!" he stated cheerfully with two thumbs up. But, seeing as he was sitting on Hinata's bike

(loaned because Hinata insisted since Suga shouldn't be walking and Hinata claimed he'd just crash at Kageyama's place, much to the other setter's disagreement), he wobbled, and Daichi had to pause walking the machine to right his friend in the seat.

"Yeah, we won. But—" Daichi didn't want to say it. It'd jinx Suga. That's why Daichi would let it slide for tonight, but he'd take Suga to the clinic first thing in the morning. Forget classes—" Suga needed to have some hope.

Suga sighed gently and gave Daichi a lopsided grin. "Daichi—I knew it the moment I slipped. That's why I gave it my all with that last toss. I won't be—"

"Don't say it!" Daichi barked.

The light-haired boy shook his head. "I said it before, you know. I wanted to win with this team. Us. You, me, Asahi, Shimizu-san. And the underclassmen, too." He laughed. "I'm glad I got to play with those mad freshmen and their godly quick!"

The captain frowned. "—you don't have plans to do this anymore, do you?"

Suga shrugged. "Maybe I could be an assistant or something. We'll still go to the same university, Daichi. We do well managing a team together."

Daichi tried to find it in him to smile. "If you say so—"

"Stop frowning and get us home already. I \_do\_ ache, but it's just one of the opportunity costs of our win. So I got injured—" but we \_won\_. With our team." Suga raised his eyebrows.

Honestly, Daichi couldn't entirely blame him. Next year, they'd be in a different place, without the familiar faces they'd come to treasure as friends— Suga could've played it safe, but then they likely would've lost and Shiratorizawa would remain undefeated. Going the way Suga had, the crows had not only flown.

\_They'd soared.\_

Daichi sighed and Suga chuckled, knowing he'd won the argument. They'd never do anything like this ever again— When put that way, Daichi knew Suga had won. Because he would've done the same thing himself.

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\*\*Ah, yes. Nothing quite like writing a full oneshot before geometry. XD This was inspired by a passing line/paragraph in my oneshot, "Get Serious," as I mused how the spring high might end (this is only being published with my having read up to ch121, fyi). I don't like the thought of any of the crows injured, but I think Daichi would think nothing of \*spoiler alert\* his own injury in the Wakunan game if something like this happened. He and Suga are close, and not just because they're third years, I think. That's why I love their friendship/relationship. :3 ARGH. Damn feels. Freakin' crows, man! Dx And the reasoning Suga has about "opportunity costs"—that's an actual concept in economics, because life, like economics, is all

about trade-offs and prioritizing. So now you've learned something!  
XD\*\*

\*\*Thanks for reading and please review~! And check out my other  
\*\*\_\*\*HQ!\*\*\_\*\* fics, too, if you liked this one!\*\*

\*\*~mew-tsubaki :')\*\*

End  
file.